

it's a nice day to start again by eddiespaghetti (foxwatson)

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Summary:

Eddie wakes up to find that Richie got married in Vegas over the weekend, to somebody that isn't him. Not that he has any real right to care but - he cares.

it's a nice day to start again

It's been a long weekend and the stupidest business trip of Eddie's life. As much as things have changed after Derry, with his divorce and a major cross-country move, his job is still often exhausting and frustrating. He keeps thinking of switching careers, but he has other bigger things he's still working on, too.

He and all the Losers live within an hour radius of each other now with careful coordination. He lives literally right next door to Richie and they spend most of their nights hanging out. Eddie's still sort of working his way up to saying anything about - anything, but that's what living next door to Richie is for. Helping him work his way up to it.

For everybody else, he has a feeling his sexuality and his feelings for Richie are kind of an open secret at this point.

He ends up getting this suspicion confirmed in the worst fucking way possible.

The consulting process with this particular firm in Virginia has been way too complicated and full of arguments, but he gets everything settled on Sunday, goes back to the hotel, and falls into bed. He sleeps for about 12 hours, happily, for the first time in ages.

He wakes up to more missed notifications than he's ever seen in his life.

He has multiple missed calls from nearly every loser, and the top notification in the group chat, the one he can still read the preview for, is Bev asking Has anyone been able to get in touch with Eddie?

Immediately, Eddie sits up in bed, so fast his head spins. He scrolls through his missed calls, as his hands start shaking. Richie is noticeably absent. He finally calls Bev back with his heart in his throat.

"Bev, is he okay?"

“Eddie, thank God - you - wait what are you talking about?”

“I don’t know! I- I was asleep for fucking 12 hours, I wake up and all I see are like 20 missed calls and none from Richie and texts in the group chat asking if anyone’s gotten in touch with me, I just - assumed.”

“...Eddie, honey, he’s fine. He’s fine, I’m sorry. I- He didn’t even call you?”

Slumping forward, with his face in his hand, Eddie sighs, but the tight churning in his stomach won’t go away. “No, of course he didn’t fucking call me, what did he do now?”

“Are you sitting down?”

“I didn’t even get out of bed yet! Bev please just tell me what the fuck is happening.”

“Sorry, I’m sorry. Just- Richie got married.”

“What? No he didn’t,” Eddie scoffs, throwing the covers off. “I’m not - he’s not even dating anybody, I see him all the time. It’s probably just a big joke or something, that’s-”

“He got married, in Vegas. It’s all over Twitter, and he- he sent pictures to the group chat last night. She’s some other comedian. None of us have ever met her, he didn’t invite any of us.”

Suddenly, Eddie feels strangely cold. He stops, pulls his phone away and puts it on speaker. He pulls up the group chat and scrolls up.

What he stops on is, very stupidly, the worst thing he’s ever seen in his entire life. There’s Richie, in a powder blue tux, laughing his ass off with some woman standing there next to him. She’s laughing, too, and he’s looking at her, and they both look - happy. They look really, really happy. Maybe a little drunk, but happy nonetheless.

“Eddie - Eddie did we lose you?”

“What? No, sorry, I-” His voice gets oddly choked, and abruptly, he’s very close to crying. “Sorry I have to go.”

He hangs up, and stumbles into the hotel bathroom to splash water on his face. His phone lights up with another call, but this time it's Stan.

He sighs, but answers. "Hey, sorry, I'm—"

"Just don't hang up on us, idiot. We're all in the same place - all of us except Richie, obviously. I don't know where everyone else comes down on this but I'll gladly beat the shit out of him later if you want me to."

Eddie laughs, and it echoes where his head is still practically in the sink. He sounds pathetic, and the sound is all around him. "Please don't beat the shit out of him. I mean, not - I don't wanna ruin you guys' friendship Stan. You're almost closer to him than I am."

"No I'm not. And you know that. Not since we were kids. Look. Take care of yourself, get a shower maybe, try as hard as you can not to think about it, and come home. We're all gonna get together, we'll get you a sympathy cake or something, and Richie's not invited, okay? He gets married without all of us, we get to have a party and leave him out."

"I don't wanna do that. I don't wanna - we should probably all meet her or something, right? If they're - I mean if it's—" Eddie starts to cry again and fumbles for a towel just so he has something to muffle it in. God, it's so embarrassing. "Sorry. Okay. Look, I'm going to - I won't miss my flight. I'll come back. We'll figure it out. Thank you. Tell everybody thanks for me."

"Eddie says thanks!" Stan calls out. There, in the background, Eddie can hear Mike and Bill and Ben and everybody murmuring words of sympathy.

The process of getting ready and packed is extremely mechanical. Eddie is so stupid he bought Richie a little souvenir from the airport on the way in, and he tucks it back in his bag because throwing it away seems worse. He gets in the Uber, but the ride is longer than he anticipated.

He ends up scrolling up through the group chat again. He sees the

picture. He feels sort of ill.

There's still no word from Richie. Even as Eddie's chest aches, he decides to send a text.

Hey, Congratulations, man.

He doesn't get a response. At least not immediately.

With the car ride still going, and his mind still spiralling, Eddie makes the mistake of trying to go on Twitter. News of Richie's wedding is actually fucking trending. Richie "Trashmouth" Tozier ties the knot! Some people, clearly assholes, make jokes about it being a woman, or that she must be desperate. Most people are cracking jokes just about the Vegas wedding of it all, but even if Richie really did want to marry someone he loved, Eddie has a feeling he might do it like this. Off the cuff, half an impulse, just running away to Vegas.

Eddie just sort of thought - Well. Too late for that now, isn't it?

He closes Twitter, abruptly, and looks out the window. He pinches at his own wrist, just to feel it, and nothing changes. Of course it doesn't.

Cruelly, his brain says, in Richie's shitty stand-up voice, *You ever divorce your wife for your best friend and then don't get the guts to tell him before he runs off and gets married himself?*

Eddie sighs, and presses his face against the glass of the window.

He does the same thing for most of the flight back to California. He tries to sleep, and fails.

When he lands, he texts Bev, and it turns out that she and some of the others are there to pick him up from the airport. He finds them at baggage claim and Bev immediately comes over and pulls him into a hug.

For all his attempts to try and be subtle or to keep himself together, he finally just gives up and sags into her embrace. Ben comes up beside them and rubs at Eddie's back, too, and Eddie reaches out to grab at his jacket and pull him in too. They stand there for at least a minute, an awkward tangle of a group hug there in the airport.

Then, Eddie lifts his head and clears his throat. "Okay. Sorry. Thanks. Let's get my bag and we can head out. Is everyone at my place? Or—"

"Let's just talk about it in the car," Ben tells him, patting him on the back again.

Eddie nods.

Once they're out at the car, it turns out Stan and Patty are there, too, in the back seat, and Stan puts an arm around Eddie as soon as he climbs in. At least he still has the other Losers in all of this. Even if it does make him feel more than a little pathetic, and ridiculous to boot.

"So we- what are we doing?" he asks once they start to head out of the airport.

Ben turns around where he's sitting in the passenger seat. "Well we - uh. We're all at your place. But Richie won't be home tonight he's - he's going on some late night show as a last minute addition to talk about the wedding."

"Seriously?" Eddie asks, frowning. "So he's - has anyone really heard from him?"

"No," Stan says.

Something loosens in Eddie's chest. "So it could still just be like - a joke or something. If there's no statement."

"Eddie," Bev starts from the front seat.

"No, don't, come on! Him actually getting married makes less sense than this all being some kind of shitty joke and you know it. So we all get some drinks and order food, we hang out at my place, we watch the late show, and when he does come home we go nag the

shit out of him for the stupid prank. It's fine."

It's the first moment since he woke up that Eddie really feels like he's rediscovered his own dignity. He sits back up, and looks around at everyone, and though they seem a little reluctant, none of them want to disagree or shoot him down. Obviously, then, that's the new plan.

That's how he makes it through the afternoon. They get back to his place, and he greets everyone, but he ignores all the sad looks and keeps his head up on the knowledge that it's all a joke. It has to be a joke. When Richie gets home and tries to laugh at all of them, Eddie can flip him off and just tell him he knew the whole time.

The interview airs around 11:45.

They're all on the couch or piled up around the living room by then, in a big circle around Eddie's TV. He's on the couch, on the far end, and everyone keeps darting little nervous looks at him. He refuses to give in to the pity party.

Then Richie comes out and starts talking.

Kimmel is the first to bring it up. "So obviously - obviously we can talk about your comedy, I know you're in the process of sort of making a comeback right now, but I can't just have you on the show and not talk about the fact that you just got married over the weekend.

Richie smiles, and laughs a little. "Yeah! Yeah, I did, uh - that really did happen. I got married. Her name is Sofia, she's another comedian. We... So I know everyone's gonna think this is one of those stupid like, short term celebrity marriages but it's actually way less weird. I've known her for a long time, and we both just kinda had this moment where like - we were commiserating over how shitty both of our love lives have been and we kind of... realized we should do one of those hey if neither one of us is married deals? Like we're both 40 and we've had terrible luck so it was a little spur of the moment, sure, but she's great, you know? She's really great, I really like her, and I feel really lucky that she actually agreed to marry me-"

Eddie turns off the television.

"Eddie—" Bill says from somewhere to his left.

Promptly Eddie drops his face forward into his hands. "Everyone go home. Please. Please just go home. Or you can - go wait up outside Richie's house or whatever but just. Please leave."

"Are you sure?" Bev asks quietly, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder.

He nods. "Yes, I'm sure. I'll see you guys later or something just - I wanna be alone for a little bit. Okay?"

With one big inhale, he manages to look up, and nod at all of them as they leave. The pitying looks are almost too much to bear, but somehow he manages.

As soon as they're all gone, he grabs a bottle of wine from his kitchen, and starts drinking it right from the bottle. He takes it into his bedroom, and sits there on his bed.

He digs through his suitcase, and pulls out the stupid little shot glass he got Richie at the airport. It's got little Virginia tourist attractions all over it. It's stupid, and corny, but he got it because he thought it would make Richie laugh.

He sets it on his bedside table.

In what now seems like the stupidest decision he ever made, he can actually see Richie's house from his bedroom window. All the lights are still off for the moment - so Richie still isn't home. Eddie sits on his bed, just staring at the house, eyes moving over every dark room, as he drinks.

He finishes the bottle, changes into his pajamas, and lays at the foot of his bed just so he can keep watching the lights in Richie's house.

Eventually, some of them flick on.

Eddie squeezes his eyes shut. He turns his back to the window. He wonders if she's over there, with him, right now. If she's looking around, deciding where she'll put her things - or where they'll put his things, if he moves in with her, instead.

He just lays there, thinking, and shivers.

At some point he finally falls asleep.

In the morning, he wakes up to knocking at his door.

He assumes it's one of the other losers, maybe, checking in on him, so he stumbles to the door to answer it.

It's Richie.

He looks surprisingly nice. His stupid button-down isn't wrinkled. He has on real trousers. His hair almost looks combed.

Eddie swallows the lump in his throat. "Hey."

Richie clears his throat. "Hey. So. Are you like - I think everyone else is mad at me."

Sighing, Eddie closes his eyes and resists the incredibly strong urge to bang his head against the door. "I think everyone's a little upset you didn't invite them. That's all."

"Yeah, I just - you were the only one who like texted me at all, so I just - wanted to come say thanks. Are you okay?"

Opening his eyes again, Eddie squints up at Richie. "I'm just hungover."

"Hungover? Didn't you just get back from that work trip last night?"

"Yeah, and I got drunk, what the fuck is it to you?"

Richie frowns, and actually has the audacity to look hurt. It still makes Eddie feel guilty, somehow. "Are you mad at me, too?" he asks.

Eddie sighs again. "No. Sorry. I'm not - we just - we were all a little surprised, Rich. I've never even met her. I didn't know you were - Whatever. Sorry. I'm sorry. I'm just being an asshole, you woke me up. Can you come back when I've had coffee or something?"

Stepping closer, Richie nudges the door with his foot. “Hey, let me come in, I’ll make you coffee or something.”

He smiles, and it feels just the same. They used to do this all the time - one of them would crash at the other’s place, and they’d make coffee in the morning. One of them would be freaking out, wake the other up, but make it up to him with coffee or breakfast or something.

It probably won’t happen once Sofia actually moves in.

Embarrassingly, Eddie actually sniffles a little. He then, immediately, slams the door in Richie’s face, out of instinct.

“Eds?” Richie says from the other side of the door.

“Sorry! I - uh - I think I’m getting sick, just come back later. Or I’ll come to yours. I’ll text you.”

It almost doesn’t sound like he’s upset.

He runs back to his bathroom and splashes water on his face.

He can do this. He has to be able to do this. He and Richie were friends, first and foremost, and Eddie’s selfish fucked up feelings cannot ruin that for both of them.

Once he’s dressed and he’s brushed his teeth and fixed his hair, Eddie feels presentable. He feels actually ready to face Richie. He starts to text him - but then he realizes that Richie is, in fact, still just sitting on his front porch.

Eddie goes back and opens the door, confused. “Why are you still here?”

Richie stands up, and turns, and looks sheepish. “Oh. I- didn’t really think you’d notice. Figured you’d text first. And it’s like - no one else is really talking to me.”

“Let me text them. Come in and make me coffee, dipshit.”

That earns Eddie another big, bright smile, and it makes him want to

die. Instead, he just turns and opens up the group chat.

Richie's at my place. Can everyone please start behaving like adults and stop ignoring our friend?

Did he apologize? Mike sends back.

Eddie walks over towards his kitchen. “Richie, do you apologize for getting married without telling everyone?”

“I fucking guess so! I didn’t know it was gonna be such a big goddamn deal,” he keeps muttering as he’s going back to the coffee machine, getting everything set up.

He says he's sorry. Eddie sends.

Of course, no one says anything back. They’re probably all off deliberating somewhere, and trying to figure out exactly what the apology entailed. Eddie has a strong feeling that they’re asking if he’s apologized to Eddie, which of course he hasn’t, and he won’t, if Eddie has anything to say about it. Eddie is a goddamn adult man and he can handle this situation in a mature and responsible way, obviously.

With that in mind, he goes into the bedroom and grabs the little shot glass. He brings it back and sets it on the kitchen counter, right next to his phone. “They’ll come around, Rich. Just give them a little while.” He sits down, on one of the barstools, and clears his throat. “I, uh, I got you this in Virginia.” He nudges the shot glass towards Richie.

Turning around, Richie looks at him, then glances down at the shot glass in his hand. He picks it up, and turns it in the light, and does, in fact laugh. Eddie watches him do it. “Eds, this is great, thanks.” It earns him another genuine smile, and that makes Eddie’s heart do

something funny in his chest.

If he doesn't ruin the moment, he thinks it might kill him. He clears his throat, and looks down to scratch at the counter. "Did you - uh. Where's the wife?"

"Oh. Uh. I mean she's busy right now."

"Well you should bring her to a Loser thing or something. If everyone meets her, I'm sure they'll come around."

As he turns back around to the coffee, Richie snorts out a laugh. "Why the fuck would she come to that stuff? She doesn't know any of you guys - and there's no fucking way I'm gonna tell her about - Derry and all that shit. She's cool, but she's not that cool."

"Richie, for fuck's sake!" Richie looks at him, surprised, and obviously taken aback. "You have to tell her shit! You have to, like communicate with her if you're going to stay married."

Richie raises his eyebrows. "Are you giving me marriage advice?" It's not explicitly confrontational or anything, mostly Richie sounds confused, but it's the implication and the fact that Richie is the one saying it that really sets Eddie off.

The problem is, Eddie can't really get up and leave his own house. He very desperately wishes he could. "Okay. Nope. Get the fuck out."

"Eds-"

He stands up, and starts towards the door. "Don't fucking call me that, just - go talk to your goddamn wife or something so you can introduce her to everyone. I'm sure they're all in one place."

"Eddie, what - why is everyone so mad? Why were you drunk last night? What the fuck is going on?"

"You-" Eddie starts, and then bites his own lip. He physically stops himself. Then he sighs, and rubs at his forehead. "Please just go. There is no reason you should be at my place right now when you just got married like two days ago."

"Yeah, but it's like - didn't you guys see that interview? Like neither of us were getting married anytime soon, it's not like I've been-"

"Richie please," Eddie manages to choke out, and he goes over to pull the door open and stand by it. "Please leave. I am asking you very genuinely to leave."

"Eds," Richie says softly.

Eddie squeezes his eyes shut and shakes his head. "I can't do it. I can't - just get the fuck out! Listen to me for once!"

"I- okay. Alright."

When Eddie forces himself to look, just for a moment, Richie vaguely resembles a kicked puppy. It just makes Eddie angrier. "For god's sake go bother your fucking wife," he adds, and then he closes the door on Richie's sad face.

He goes back to his room, and he goes back to bed.

He lays there, face down, and screams into his pillows.

It's a long time - he doesn't know how long - before his phone lights up with a text from Bev in the group chat.

Richie's bringing her to dinner at Stan's tonight, everyone's invited.

Eddie looks at the phone, and then rolls over to look into his closet. He still has some nice clothes, even without doing laundry. If he can drag himself into the shower, and get cleaned up, he can go and meet - Richie's wife. And maybe she'll really never come to anything else, or maybe Eddie can just move back to the other side of the country after all and change his name and pretend he isn't a moron. Certainly those are both options on the table.

It takes more effort than it should, but Eddie does manage to drag himself into the shower and out again. He puts on a button-down,

and a nice jacket, and pants. He styles his hair, and makes himself look like a person who has it all together.

He does not look like a man who just had his heart irreparably broken.

Clearly he's doing great.

Stan's house is a few blocks over, but he's the closest to Eddie and Richie's, so Eddie decides to walk. The night is cool, comparatively, and there's a nice breeze through the palm trees.

It feels like everything really might be okay.

Then Eddie gets to Stan's door.

"Oh. We weren't sure if you were coming," Stan tells him as he opens the door.

"I'm an adult, of course I came. Everyone can stop - being like that."

"Eddie it's not because we feel bad for you, it's because he's an idiot."

Eddie just shrugs, and pushes gently past Stan. "That's hardly news. We've all been friends with him since we were 13 - you and me since we were like, 7 and 8 respectively. I think we all knew he was stupid."

"That sounds about right," a strange voice says from somewhere to the left.

In spite of himself, Eddie tenses up.

It's her. Of course it is. She's pretty in person - a nice match for Richie. She's got dark hair and dark eyes and long curly hair. Interesting facial features. She smiles, and sticks out a hand. "You must be Eddie?"

Nodding, Eddie takes her hand and shakes it. "Yeah, sorry. Hi. Edward Kaspbrak."

"Sofia Douglas. I've heard a lot about you."

Eddie forces a smile and nods, politely. “Yeah, well, that’s Richie for you. Chatty guy.”

“I don’t think you’ve ever called me chatty in your whole fucking life, Eds,” Richie says, walking over with a couple of drinks. He hands one to Sofia and Eddie really notices their wedding rings for the first time as they glint in the light. They’re silver, uncomplicated.

Eddie feels nauseous. “I’m gonna go get a drink.”

He excuses himself and makes his way to the kitchen, where Ben and Bev are talking in hushed tones.

Already, Eddie feels like he’s made a horrible mistake in coming at all. He wants to turn around and go right back home. It’s only about a five minute walk. Maybe he can sneak out.

He pours himself a shot, takes it, tries not to gag, and takes another one. He hates shots. He needs alcohol, though, if he’s going to make it through dinner before he leaves.

“Eddie. Are you okay?” Bev asks.

“Not really,” he admits, turning to her. “I really - this sucks. I think I can admit that now, that this fucking sucks. I thought I was capable of being mature, but I’m not sure, suddenly. Maybe I’m just a really terrible adult.”

“Being an adult doesn’t have to mean disregarding your own feelings, Eddie,” Ben tells him.

“Maybe not for you guys. You guys got lucky. God. Sorry, sorry, I’m being shitty, I’m just gonna-” Neither of them really look upset with him, but still Eddie dodges past them and makes his way into one of the hallways, off towards the guest bathroom.

He leaves the door open because he’s just splashing water on his face. He’s still there, leaning over the sink, when he hears someone at the door.

Eddie knows before he ever turns around that it’s Richie.

“Eds. Hey.”

Sighing, Eddie dries off his face before he turns around. “Hello, Richie. Is there a reason you’ve abandoned your wife with the rest of our friends?”

“Yeah, cause you’ve been fucking weird all day!”

“I’ve been weird? Richie you got fucking married over the weekend! To a woman you’d never even mentioned to me!”

“Do I have to mention everything to you?”

“Of course not, asshole! You can do whatever you want, but I was under the impression that I was your best friend because you sleep on my couch all the goddamn time, and I literally moved in next to you. We’re all your best friends, and you never told us about her. So yes, we’re being weird, but you started it.”

Richie, finally, manages to look sheepish. “Okay. You’re right. Look it was - I know it was an impulse thing. But she really is great. And it’s not gonna be like - we’re gonna keep both of our places. She’s just an old friend, and we had one of those, you know, if we’re 30 and single kind of deals. It’s not like she’s the love of my life, and she knows that.”

“Well then why-” Eddie closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. This entire conversation is dangerous, particularly when he’s been drinking. *Why didn’t you just marry me?* Is not an acceptable question. Shift gears. “It’s just - it doesn’t seem like you. I thought it was a prank or something at first.”

“So you were mad.”

“I wasn’t mad! Fuck, Richie, I am not mad at you, I wish you’d stop saying it like that, I’m just - I’m upset! We were all upset!”

“Would you have wanted to be the best man?”

Oh, fuck. Eddie knows that he visibly reacted to that one, he knows it must be all over his face. It takes everything in him not to actually physically sob, in fact. He takes another deep breath. “No, I think

Stan probably wanted to be the best man. Can you please let me go and get another drink?”

Richie steps out of the way, and Eddie dodges carefully past him, not touching him.

He goes into the kitchen, takes another shot, and then catches Stan by the shoulder. “You were right, I’m sorry, I have to go home.”

Stan just nods at him, squeezes his shoulder, and lets him sneak out the front door.

In moments, Richie is out the front door after him. “Eds, what the fuck? Are you going home?”

“Richie, for fuck’s sake just leave me alone!”

“Are you not coming back?”

Eddie stops, and lets Richie catch up to him. They’re still in Stan’s front lawn. “I just want to go home. I’m not feeling well. I met your wife, she seems lovely, I just don’t want to stay for dinner. I told Stan I was leaving.”

“There’s something you’re not telling me, and I don’t know what it is. Why are you so upset about this? Is it because of your divorce? Because I can’t just like, not get married because you got separated recently.”

“Oh fuck you!” Eddie shouts finally, stepping forward to physically shove Richie. “Fuck you, you fucking asshole, you know that’s not why! You know it has nothing to do with my wife! You know I was fucking miserable, I told you that when I moved out here. I left- Oh, goddammit Richie. I left my wife and I moved all the way to fucking California to live in the house next to yours.”

“Yeah?” Richie says, putting his hands over Eddie’s where they’re tangled in his jacket.

“God how are you so fucking stupid?” Eddie asks. He squeezes his eyes shut, and makes himself let go of Richie’s jacket. “I - I’m gonna say this once, and then it’s done, okay? And I don’t want to talk

about it, and I was never going to say it, now, and I need you to know that, that I was trying so hard to keep it to myself but you won't fucking let me." He takes a deep breath, opens his eyes, and makes himself make eye contact with Richie. "I love you, Rich. Not just - I'm in love with you. I got a divorce and I came out here and we spent all that time together and I thought - I thought it wasn't just me. And I'm sorry, I'm sorry I - assumed that, about you. I guess I just needed to think I wasn't... alone."

Richie opens his mouth, and closes it again.

Eddie sighs. "Don't - you don't have to say anything. I'm going to go home. You should - go inside and talk to your wife, go have a nice dinner. Maybe in a couple of weeks we can - hang out and pretend nothing happened. Sorry I fucked it up."

With that, Eddie turns and starts walking home, his hands shoved in his pockets.

"Eddie," Richie says weakly behind him.

"Don't, Rich. It's fine." He walks a little faster, though, feeling like Richie's still watching him leave. He even cuts across somebody else's lawn just trying to make it back home before he starts crying or something.

Already, he regrets it. He wouldn't have said it if he was sober, or if Richie had just left him alone. Of course, though, of course Richie couldn't leave him alone. Stupid asshole. No wonder Eddie saw things that weren't there.

As soon as he makes it to his own house, Eddie just closes the door behind himself and sinks down right in front of it, head in his hands. He leans between his knees as the tears finally start to come - he's been on the edge ever since he left Virginia, so it's hardly a surprise. It's just fucking annoying.

He's still sitting there and sniffling pathetically when somebody knocks on his door. It's probably Bev, coming by to check on him. He has a terrible feeling that some of them either saw or heard what happened out on the lawn.

Slowly, Eddie stands up and dusts himself off. He wipes his face off, too, just a little, and then opens the door.

It is, somehow, fucking Richie again.

Eddie slams the door in his face. “What the fuck did I say? I don’t want to talk about this!” he yells through the door.

“Eds, I have to talk about it, please, I - I’m a fucking idiot, just please let me in.”

“No. Absolutely not. I have had enough fucking pity in the last two days to open a fucking store, go to your own house, or go talk to your fucking wife!”

“Eddie, she’s not - it’s not what you think!”

At that, eyes blazing, Eddie opens the door again. “Was this a goddamn prank the entire time?”

“What? No!”

Eddie slams the door again.

“Eddie for fuck’s sake!”

“No! Fuck off!”

“She’s gay!”

This time, Eddie opens the door just slightly and peeks out around it. “I’m sorry, she’s what?”

“She’s gay. We’re - we were both moping about our love lives, sitting around after shows in Vegas, and I said ha ha we should get married! And we were both like why the fuck not? Because we both - we both thought we were so shit out of luck nobody would ever actually want to marry us.”

“Well clearly you solved that problem. Do you have a point?”

“Eds,” Richie says, his voice breaking a little.

“No, fuck you. Say something or I’m shutting the door again, you - you ran off and got married, you asshole, and you didn’t text me or call me or anything, and every single other loser had the sense to think you were an asshole.”

“You were married when we met again.”

“I left my wife for you! In like a week after I saw you again for the first time in 27 fucking years! I needed - I needed time, I was working my way up to it!”

“Okay! Okay fine! I’m an asshole. I’m sorry. I’m an asshole. But it’s not like you would’ve-”

“If you’re about to try and say I wouldn’t have personally flown all the way to Vegas from my work trip to try and stop you, you have sorely underestimated the level of stupid you make me,” Eddie tells him, opening the door just slightly wider.

“Eddie.”

“You should say something now. I think it’s your moment.”

“I’m gonna get an annulment. I can do that, I’m a celebrity. We do that shit all the time.”

Eddie opens the door, starting to smile, and huffs out something that’s almost a laugh. “And why, pray tell, would you do that, Richie? I think there’s a part you’re skipping over.”

“Oh, right, shit. I love you. I love you, too, I’ve been in love with you since I was like, twelve years old, and every guy I ever had a thing for had some little trace of you, and I just thought - I never thought you would. I thought I was alone, too. You were - you were married, and I thought even if you were miserable you must’ve had a reason but I - I didn’t realize... Well I think we both know that I can sort of, uh. Self-sabotage.”

“That’s putting it mildly, Rich.”

Richie nods, and shrugs, with his hands in his pockets. “Yeah. I, uh. I make really bad decisions. But you’ve known that for a long, long

time. And you - you moved into the house right next door to me.”

“I did, God help me,” Eddie mutters, and he smiles even as he rolls his eyes. “Do you - uh. Do you need to text Sofia or anything?”

“What? Oh. No, I sort of uh - it’s possible I stuck my head in Stan’s door, yelled ‘Eddie fucking loves me! I’m an idiot! Sorry!’ and then ran all the way over here like I was being chased by something. It is... vaguely possible that that’s what happened.”

Immediately, Eddie can picture it, every moment of it, from Richie’s wild eyes to his messy hair, and the way he would have run all the way over here, all awkward limbs and out of breath. He starts laughing so hard he doubles over, just a little, and he wipes a hand over his face. “Oh, God, you are so fucking stupid.”

“I know! I know, I’m sorry.”

“No, no, I just - stop feeling bad for yourself, just come here, come in here.”

“Yeah?”

Eddie nods, and reaches out, grabbing Richie by his jacket again. “Yeah.” He yanks, and presses up onto his toes, and he finally, finally kisses Richie square on the mouth.

Richie reaches out for him immediately, holding onto his waist and keeping him close, sighing into the kiss as he tilts his head to get a better angle. They stay there, like that, kissing indulgently in Eddie’s doorway, until Eddie can’t stand on his tiptoes any more, and he has to pull back.

“Come in and have a drink or something. We can text everybody tomorrow.”

So he does.

“I’m gonna get so much fucking material out of this,” Richie starts as they head into the kitchen. “I was married for like, three days max, and I’m gonna get an annulment, that’s the funniest shit. And then the fact that it actually made all this happen, so it’s how we got

together - I am gonna have the best fucking coming out comedy set anybody has ever heard. We're talking awards level shit here.”

“Rich?”

“Yeah?”

“Just shut up and kiss me again.” And fortunately, he does.

Author's Note:

title from billy idol's white wedding bc i think i'm funny.

i literally had a dream about this so then i wrote it. i'm not kidding. this fic came to me in a dream. also then i was just like. wow i truly do want to write a fic where they are both just. so so stupid. so i did!!! and here it is. sorry everyone asdlkjfasdf

i'm still on twitter as always @eddykaspbraks and i do NOT shut up